Secrets revealed

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Secrets revealed

by blackcrystaly

Summary

Since they returned from the States, Sherlock had refused to eat more than a few bites of the food that John cooks and he is done with that. He is going to ask Hannibal what is his lover's preference and made sure he gets it. At least that was the plan when he woke up that morning

Notes

This story is sequel from Family Secrets. You don't need to read it to understand this one, but it would help.

English isn't my mother language, so please, be kind when you point the mistakes you'll surely find. The story isn't betaed yet, but I hope it will be.

As always I'll come back several times to make little changes

I want to thanks Leah_Ester who let me rant about this story and helped me a lot!

See the end of the work for more notes

Chapter 1

Four months after their return from the States John decided he had had enough. He left 221B and went directly to visit his oldest brother-in-law. It was time to have a long chat about Sherlock's eating habits.

Since they had come back no matter how much effort he poured into cooking for them, his partner wouldn't take more than a couple of bites. Even if the brunette tried to be kind about it, and made the visible effort to take more than he usually would, he never finished any of the dishes, and it was even worst when he prepared any kind of meat. The whole thing worried and frustrated Watson endlessly and he was putting an end to it. From the moment Sherlock went back his old habits the former soldier had been replaying in his mind the talk he overhead between his lover and Hannibal and no matter the cost he would find out which was their *preference*.

He rang the bell of the well built house where Lecter and Graham lived and waited. He was half-nervous considering that the younger Holmes had told him before that the psychiatrist didn't share his secrets but, he trusted the other man would make an exception for his brother's health.

Hannibal answered the door already dressed up, and if he was surprised to see the former soldier so early in the morning, he didn't show it.

"So nice to see you, John! Please come in." He said amiably inviting the man in.

They moved silently to the kitchen since the psychiatrist didn't want to risk waking William up. Even if the young profiler was resting better he still had a very light sleep.

The other doctor knew about it, of course. The brunette and John had been bonding lately, he even invited the former FBI special agent to join Mycroft's mate and himself when they went out to have some beers and generally vent about their lovers, share their troubles or have an understanding audience for their stories and work-related frustrations.

The Holmes knew all about it thanks to their middle brother's well placed surveillance on the men. It made them feel delighted that their mates could get along so well.

"I was about to make breakfast, would you like some tea?" Hannibal offered softly and began to gather the ingredients, giving the other man the chance to gather his courage to ask what had been plaguing him.

The former soldier studied Lecter for a little bit. John had been thinking how to pose the question that troubled him from the moment he had taken the resolve to do it disregarding his lover's warning but now all the options sounded somewhat rude and he hated that. But, the doctor rather ask forgiveness than let Sherlock starve himself any longer now that Watson knew that the detective could not only eat healthily but enjoy it.

"Hannibal, can I ask you something?" He said at least.

The psychiatrist smiled to himself before putting on a neutral face and turning around to his brother's well chosen mate.

"Of course, John" The blond said in a friendly tone. He could tell how hard the former soldier was trying to come up with a polite phrasing and that made the psychiatrist remember why he liked the man so much.

"I know you don't like to share your cooking secrets but… since we came back to London I can barely seem to be able to make Sherlock eat, so I want to know *what is it that makes your dishes so good for him*?"

Lecter twisted his head and studied the doctor. He knew that things between his brother and his partner were getting better but they weren't quite good, yet. But, he didn't like the fact that his little brother wasn't eating healthily. The concern the runt's mate was showing for him made Hannibal's heart grow fonder of the other man . Maybe there was a way to compromise.

"I only use organic products and the meat comes from a very little place that caters for a very narrow number of clients. I could put you in contact with them, if you wanted." He was sure that Mycroft could arrange for some deliveries to be made to John's and Sherlock's flat. If not, he could certainly hunt for them for a while.

John knew that organic food was expensive, but he could simply try to work a couple more hours at the clinic and talk Sherlock into taking a few cases where they would be paid. At least he hoped he could. The brunette always rejected boring cases even if they could bring them a fortune in fees and rewards. But, meat from an exclusive place… he wasn't sure if he would ever be able to cover such expenses on his own or even with his lover's paying for half the shopping. Hannibal and Mycroft had both well paid jobs but he still struggled to keep his at the clinic since he was always running away to help his partner. Some days he suspected that the only reason for him not been fired was because of his brother-in-law's influence. And even if Sherlock had more than once given him his credit card to buy whatever they needed he wasn't sure if it was right for him to abuse such confidence making a big purchase that he would never be able to cover on his own, at least partially. Maybe there was a bit of pride in that, he could admit that to himself.

“Doctor Watson, I’m pretty sure that my brother wouldn’t object to you buying food he actually enjoys by using his money” The dark, rich voice took him out of his reverie.

John blushed lightly at the other’s words. He shouldn’t be surprised at Lecter’s ability to read his thoughts; he was a Holmes after all –even if he didn’t go by the surname-.

“Do they have a website or any way to know what they offer?” He asked trying to force down his discomfort.

“Of course not. They are old school. You tell them what you want and they send it to you charging the prize to your card.” Hannibal explained quietly while going back to cooking but still paying attention to the blond.

John nodded. He would talk about it with Sherlock and then, if the brunette agreed the former soldier would ask the psychiatrist the phone number and they would place a small order. With that issue sorted out, there was only one more thing to deal with, and Watson hoped it would go as well as the first part had gone. The blond doctor braced himself and decided to jump.

“There is something else I need to ask you” He said seriously.

“Go ahead” Hannibal answered still busy.

“*What’s Sherlock preference?*” That question had been eating him inside and his lover had absolutely refused to answer it whenever he had tried to bring up the subject and even when he asked directly.

The doctor was certainly daring, the psychiatrist conceded. Lecter had hoped that the green eyed man would be satisfied with the information he had already been given, and arrive to the conclusion that high quality ingredients were what his brother favored, at least for a time. Once more, Hannibal turned around after making sure that none of his preparations would get spoilt or overcooked.

“Let me finish breakfast preparations and we can talk about it while we eat.” He proposed knowing that John was too polite not to agree and it would give him time to consider if the former soldier should be entrusted with his family secret. Hannibal had to decide if he was ready to risk giving him the information that could possibly doom his relationship with Sherlock and his life or refuse to answer making John begin to wonder what could justify such secrecy and become even more determined to find the truth. He didn’t really like any of the choices.

They sat down in the kitchen table. Watson was growing more and more impatient, but he tried to control his curiosity and the nagging suspicion that was about to hear something he wouldn’t like. But the blond doctor had grown used to that.

“The first thing you need to know, John, is that my family preference must remain a secret *no matter the cost*” Hannibal began to say in a dark, calm manner.

The blond doctor didn’t seem daunted in the least, he just nodded seriously. It was obvious that he had come to the conclusion it would be something that had to be kept very quiet about and seemed completely right with that part, at least. Lecter hoped that his youngest brother was right about his mate’s resilience, for all of their sakes.

“*We only eat meat that doesn’t come from animals at all*” He said finally in a quiet voice, watching closely the man’s reaction.

Hannibal saw John’s confusion at what he had been said, but noticed that the man never once even considered that he was cracking a joke. He could tell when Watson began to make sense of what had heard: the quickly faded horror that graced his face when he realized what the psychiatrist had meant and then Lecter saw determination. What John had resolved remained to be known.

The former soldier was shocked for a second, when he realized what the blond was saying. His lover, the whole Holmes family -apparently- eats humans. *Cannibals*, his mind provided. Then he suddenly became aware that *he had done it too*, back at the United States, and later in Mycroft’s and Hannibal’s house every time he and Sherlock went to visit, which, admittedly, wasn’t all that often. *And he had been doing it right to the moment when the psychiatrist had told him!*

John stopped all motion and just observed his host. He knew that most people would puck or do something even more dramatic. He suspected that they would try to run away and contact the police. Most people hadn’t seen or done half the things he had in his life. It wasn’t just the war that sent him home hurt and battered; the last straw to almost break him. Even before that, he had been more than just an army doctor. He had taken part on some covert and black operations with all they entangled back at the beginning of his career. He had walked out of it less than four years after a particularly horrible mission, asking not to be contacted ever again. Watson suspected that Mycroft knew all about it and sometimes wondered why he had never breathed a word. John sometimes wondered if maybe his partner also knew or even suspected it. Still, he knew it would be uncharacteristic of the younger Holmes not to say anything, but from time to time the brunette did show some restrain.

The doctor finally closed his eyes for a second and tried to decide how he felt about what he had just been told. When he unconsciously took another bite of the deliciously made food, he had his answer.

“Is he partial to anything?” John asked at least looking at his brother-in-law directly to the eyes so the other man would be sure that he was deadly serious in his question. Deep down the former soldier knew he had made up his mind but he still had a lot of things to think about, there were several possibilities that he had to consider.

Chapter 2

Hannibal was truly surprised. He had never expected the man to react like that. Truth be told, he had been prepared for the other throwing up and bolting to the door. He had even considered the chance of being shot a battery of questions and having to hear several minutes of moral preaching. Lecter never thought possible to see Watson still eating the breakfast he had kept most simple and being quietly asked about what Sherlock favored. Now he could understand what the runt meant when he say that he never gets the doctor's depths. *Maybe there was more to John H. Watson that met the eye*, the psychiatrist thought once more. And again, he considered offering his services as a qualified professional to the man.

Slowly the Hannibal shook his head. Eating the rude was *his* preference, but the younger Holmes had never showed any of his own. Not even in the hunt. He simply loved the thrill of it.

"Good" John said taking another bite. That gave him some chance. Maybe he could find some people who actually deserved to be put down and do society a favor while helping to keep his partner healthy and in shape. People say that love was about compromise, after all. And Watson had been there before. He had believed in "taking a live to save several" and done it, he had even kill to keep safe *just one*. This time, at least, he would be the one making the choice.

They were about to finish when William made his appearance, still half asleep, barefoot and wearing only a shirt and pants. The psychiatrist got immediately tense, since he couldn't very well tell what John would do. He had certainly hoped the man would be gone before his mate woke up.

Graham noticed they had a visit and blushed, stuttering an apology.

"Don't worry, Will! You should see some of the ways Sherlock has greeted clients and even the Yard officers from time to time!" He said well naturedly making Hannibal relax a little. It was obvious that Watson wasn't about to start shouting accusations. Still, Lecter would be concerned until he was sure that the doctor wouldn't tell a word to William the next time they went out alone. His mate needed more time before he was being told about their diet.

The brunette smiled and promised to come back in a minute, begging them to save him some food. As if his lover would even let him go unfed!

"Hannibal…" John began with the tone he used sometimes to calm down his partner "I won't tell Will, or Greg, so you can quit worrying about it." They would have to know, eventually, of course, but he understood it was a secret that was only the Holmes' to tell.

Once more Lecter was awed. He was sure of having kept his emotions in check but had forgotten that John was occasionally a better empath than his mate, even if a whole untrained one. The blond had never realized the power he had and Hannibal wouldn't be the one telling. Maybe, the psychiatrist thought, that was what made so seemingly easy for him to accept the Holmes nature. Watson might have been picking up on the emotions that sometimes they couldn't help but show and project- even if they managed to keep it mostly low keyed- and in some level he had realized there was a dark side in them. One he had been sharing and thriving into, slowly and unconsciously accepting his own instincts and cutting some of his ties with the sheep.

It was obvious that even if the blond was a trained doctor and had made the Hippocratic Vow, as Hannibal had so many years before, the former soldier wasn't overly concerned with guiding his life by it. He had killed before, and not only while saving his little brother but even before -being the trained professional that he was Lecter could tell-, and he would certainly do it again. So, there was the chance of things going smoother than anyone would have expected.

Finally, Graham returned, fully dressed this time and while he began to ate his breakfast they talked about Sherlock's last cases, Gregory and Mycroft's relationship and how the older man still refused to move in with the red headed one and about Will's new work with the Service.

The brunette had finally accepted the offer to become a professor and teach the new recruits about quick and deep profiling, and sometimes he even acted as a counselor since his empathy helped him to spot agents who came back in distress. There had been times when he even contacted John to ask for his guidance since he knew the man had real experience on the field, and of course made sure Watson got paid for it. Graham had found out about the blond's past one day while they were at the backyard playing with the strays and waiting for Hannibal to finish with the last of his patients for the day and Sherlock to join them once he got out of Bart's. Will had suddenly begun to tell John about his old job and how badly it affected him and unexpectedly the former soldier was also sharing his own horror stories. They spoke of monsters and power plays, how they had been pawns in other people's chess games and abhorred the idea of going back to that life. Both men felt that their lives had been saved when they met their lovers, being able to have the adrenaline they craved and not lose themselves.

Graham had decided that one day, soon, he would talk to Mycroft and ask him to offer a permanent position in the Service to Watson since he suspected his brother-in-law had more than just a minor position in the government. They could certainly use someone with the former soldier's training there, and John wouldn't have to worry so much about the money. The profiler knew well of the blond's struggle to keep his job at the clinic and of Sherlock's refusal to take well paid cases if they weren't exciting enough.

Eventually, once the men had finished most of their breakfast, John told them he had to go, since he was already late for the clinic. Hannibal accompanied him to the door, while William took care of the plates and went to get ready for work.

Once Watson put a foot outside, he turned to see the psychiatrist.

“Please, don’t tell Sherlock you told me… I’ve some things to think about before bringing up this matter to him and he isn’t exactly patient” John said with a dark voice and a still tone.

The blond nodded in agreement and they finally said their goodbyes.

Chapter 3

Mycroft could tell that John knew of their secret the moment he saw the man leaving his oldest brother's house. He immediately called Hannibal to know what had happened between the men that morning that convinced the blond of sharing such an important piece of information with the well mannered doctor.

"Hello Hannibal" The red headed greeted the other.

"Hello Mycroft. I get you already know…" Lecter began softly.

The middle brother smiled to himself. It was obvious that the psychiatrist could talk but they had to be careful since William was still inside the house, and wouldn't risk the man overhearing them.

"How did he take it?" There was no time for long pleasantries since the politician had to know what kind of damage control would have to implement. Even if he was more than willing to trust Watson most of the time -especially when it came to Sherlock's well being- there were times when good faith wasn't enough.

"Surprisingly well. He was pretty level-headed about it. I always suspected that he was more than just an army doctor, wasn't he?" He asked seriously.

"Yes" Mycroft answered shortly. When Anthea got him Watson's complete file he had been surprised, not because he hadn't already deduce what was written but because the kind and caring man he saw with his brother didn't seem to have the least resemblance to the one in the classified documents. It had been one of the reasons he had been so worried over the Baskerville case that his brother had so irresponsibly taken. To this day he still wondered if the younger Holmes ever realized how much damage he could have provoked and how deep the hurt he might have reopened run. Knowing Sherlock, it was very probable that by the time he did, his brother had already went in to deep to put his present partner's behalf before solving the case.

"He needs some time to process everything, of course, but he isn't really having a crisis over it and is bothered because he isn't having one. I think that he suspected it would be something that most people deemed forbidden for us not to talk about it." Hannibal told the other in a professional tone.

The British Government nodded to himself. If his brother thought that the man was sincere, chances were that he wasn't mistaken. Particularly, when he knew that John wouldn't have been able to leave the house alive, otherwise.

"I'll speak with him." The man said at last.

“Give him half an hour, at least, Mycroft. He has to come to term with it by himself before you offer him any emotional support.” The psychiatrist advised calmly “Even if his past makes it a little easier this goes beyond what he might have done, unless you have kept a big secret from us.” He kept on in a low tone before going back to a more normal one. “If you need me just call, I’ll make sure to pick up no matter the time.”

“I will. Thank you, Hannibal” The red headed Holmes told the other and hung up.

He politician decided to follow the advice and leave John Watson alone for a while. He made sure his driver parked up not too far from the place the blond doctor had chosen to think but completely out of his sight and quietly studied the man who was obviously trying to come to terms with what he had just found out.

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John left Hannibal’s house and walked for a few minutes before finding a park and decided to sit there and try to clear his thoughts. He would call later to let the people at the clinic know that he wasn’t going that day. Watson wasn’t overly concerned by it since he knew that no one expected him anyways. Sometimes the former soldier suspected he could simply stop going and there wouldn’t be a single colleague or even a nurse who’d think of calling the police to know of his whereabouts. At first that had bothered him, but then he realized it was for the best. It didn’t mean that they didn’t like him though. Most of them had even been truly sympathetic during the whole ordeal of Sherlock’s disgraced fate all those years before and right until he came back and regained his life and glory.

John chastised himself over the detour and decided to focus in what Hannibal had confided to him. He was really angry at his partner for keeping such a secret from him but Watson could understand, partially, why the younger man hadn’t trusted it to him. After all, most people in the world wouldn’t be really understanding of cannibalism, and there was no way the Consulting Detective could tell for certain what his reaction would be to such a revelation. And yet, the former soldier suspected it wasn’t the fact that it was a taboo what had made his lover keep silent but fear that it would send him running for the hills and forcing John to finally put an end to their relationship. For a man who had never before even wanted to be with someone else, much less share his whole life with anyone, the brunette was terrified of losing him. Watson could tell by the way he acted, on his little possessive gestures. And in the way Sherlock truly strived for them to go back to being okay. He had even let the doctor take the whole of the kitchen moving his laboratory to John's old bedroom and stopped bringing back human remains to experiment on. The thought made him laugh hard. At least he wouldn’t have any trouble getting used to the idea of having body parts in their refrigerator! Sherlock had made sure of that very early on. Maybe the man had been unconsciously trying to show him his secret without actually having to tell a word? He wouldn’t put it pass the grey eyed one. His partner always did things in the most difficult ways. And part of that came from the fact that he seemed completely unable to act accordingly with society mores and propriety most of the time. Suddenly the blond was sure that if Sherlock had decided that he could take the information would have probably told him

with much less tact than his brother-in-law had shown and not quite respecting his need for a little time to think, making them get into a fight that would probably put an unnecessary strain on their slowly recovering relationship.

As things were, he could center on Lecter's revelation. Truth be told, it was a lot to take in and yet it wasn't as hard as for him as most people would think or suspect. Yes, he was a doctor and had taken a pledge to save lives not to take them but he had been able to reconcile it with the opposite before. He had gone through the angst and the guilt years ago, the first ten times or so he had been ordered to go against that very vow by commanding officers. But if he chose to follow this path, to be the one who provided for his lover, this time, John knew he wouldn't be doing it because of other's hunger for power or even for a cause, but for the one he cared above all others wellbeing. Even if the man was a Goddamn liar by omission!

John knew there were many things he still had to sort out, among them how would he manage to get the meat that Sherlock needed without being found out? He certainly couldn't go around killing those his partner investigated or proved guilty of a crime, since it would be far too easy for even the police to find him. Still, he wouldn't put down just anyone, since he wasn't that kind of killer and never had been. He would have to find a way to reconcile all those things. And yet, the important issues he had already solved while in Hannibal's house: he was protecting his partner and the Holmes' secret and also making sure that his lover got what he needed somehow.

Chapter 4

Sixty minutes passed, then another thirty went by and Watson was still sitting at the bench in the park. He was perfectly still, eyes lost on the horizon and it was beginning to worry Mycroft. Finally, when the hour was up he decided it was time to move.

He ordered his driver to get to the park and opened the door, making sure that the former soldier saw him. With a strange expression on his face that was half amused and half worried, John stood up and walked over to the vehicle. He got inside without any fuss and kept silent giving the British Government the time to study him once more.

The former soldier had grown used to the Holmes' way of doing some things and he knew that they needed to analyze every person they got in contact with before having any kind of conversation. Still, this time he knew there was more at stake than maybe even before. Mycroft had to be there to make sure he wasn't about to report the whole family or run away from Sherlock. As if any charge he could press would be investigated, taken seriously or stick. And there was no way he would ever be able to leave his partner. Losing him once had almost killed him!

He used the time to consider Mycroft. He would have never thought of the middle brother having the same tastes as his lover did. Of all the Holmes, he was the one it was most difficult for Watson to see partaking on the preference they seemed to share. Particularly, since he had seen the man eating all kinds of food with a most healthy appetite. Still, he would have never even begun to suspect which was the key ingredient in the family diet if they had not let him in on the secret.

For a moment the doctor wondered how the man procured the meat he favored since he didn't really see the red headed going out to take it himself. And yet, he was the British Government and he did have enough minions under his command who only answered to him. Still, John wasn't sure that would put himself on such vulnerable position. Maybe that was why he showed a most varied diet. Unlike his brat of a brother who was so intent on starving himself before telling the truth of what he needed to his partner.

Eventually, John got out of his own thoughts and realized that the inspection was over. The blond smiled.

"So do I pass?" He asked with aplomb.

The older Holmes smiled and nodded.

“Certainly. But I must confess that I’m surprised, Doctor Watson. Even if we hoped you would be accepting of us I never suspected you would be so willing to go hunting on your own immediately after knowing” The other commented.

John didn’t bother to ask how he knew what was deep on his mind. Instead the former soldier smiled.

“Let me guess: you all thought I’d have a moral crisis over it and maybe leave Sherlock?” He asked raising an eyebrow.

“Something akin to it, yes” The politician answered sincerely, wanting to know where the green eyed one wanted to get.

“Mycroft, I have two things to say: one,” He began to explain raising a finger “I assume you have seen my file” he waited for a second until the other gave a short nod “so you know the things that I had done before and second” he raised another “even if we are still trying to get over ‘the fall’” slowly it was getting easier to speak about it without wanting to hurt someone -and the one he was talking to was pretty high in the list, since he had known all about it being a fake- “I love your brother. If I took him back after that *stunt* he pulled on me there is no way I’ll let something like his tastes on food break us up.” He finished.

The older Holmes could see the truth in the doctor’s words, so he relaxed the littlest bit, but somehow Watson was able to catch on that.

“One thing thought: *hunting?* Seriously?” John asked with a disbelieving grin. Even if he knew how much the brothers seem to love euphemisms it was a bit over the top in his mind.

“Yes, Doctor Watson, *hunting*.” The red headed said in a very serious tone that seemed to surprise the blond “That’s why my family called it for years, and let me tell you it’s a very important, meaningful act for us. So I’ll be more than grateful if you spoke of it respectfully” The tone was dark and made John look at the other surprised.

“I’m sorry” He offered apologetic.

Mycroft realized then that he would have to explain if his brother's mate was to understand and appreciate their activity for its significance.

“A hunt is a well planned event. You have to chose your prey, study it and finally move to make the kill with all the risks that it entangles. Sometimes it’s even a bonding experience. Also, we actually eat the prey as most predators do. We don’t do it for the fun of it. Most members of the Holmes family have been natural born hunters.”

The former soldier nodded. Admittedly, he would have never thought there was so much besides the word that the man had provided. Watson decided that he could definitely think of it like that. It gave the activity he had been contemplating almost a pleasant edge: a *hunt* instead of a murder, the procuring of food for… a mate?

They stood in silence for a moment. John made the decision that he would have a talk with his lover no later than that night… maybe with a big chunk of meat he had got with his own hands right in front of them.

“I want you to know that Sherlock has wanted to tell you for months, Doctor Watson” Mycroft told suddenly, making the other one turn to him at once. He knew that issue could become another rock in their path if it wasn’t dealt with soon and wanted to prevent it. Moreover, the British Government felt the need to make up to John for the three years he had been kept in the dark over his brother’s actual fate. The older Holmes had been trying to make amends since the return of the runt to their lives. Also, he was indebted to the blond for finally convincing his mate to give him a chance. “But, we all thought it would be better if he waited until things were right between you two”

“I thought as much” John said softly, he did feel a bit better at having that confirmed for him. Still, he couldn’t help but raise an eyebrow at being discussed by the Holmes “Now, as much as I love your company, Mycroft, I have to get to work if I want to give the brat of your brother a… surprise tonight”

“There is one more thing I’m afraid, Doctor Watson.” The red headed said with a soft smile “Excuse me for being blunt but, who do you intend to hunt?”

He needed the information to make sure there was a cleaning crew ready to deal with the place and the remains of the body and keep Sherlock’s mate safe. Even if they liked a bit of fair play, to give their prey the little chance of getting away if they were fast or smart enough to smell a predator close by and act quickly, security was another matter altogether.

“Do you have *any* suggestion?” John asked seriously.

The tall man smiled overjoyed at being asked. Even if he didn’t like the active part of the hunt, stalking and killing wasn’t something he particularly enjoyed, he had always been delighted in planning them, and selecting a suitable prey.

“Actually, I have several. Why don’t you come back with me to Whitehall and we can go over the particulars?” Mycroft proposed. There he could provide the doctor with everything he needed, from files of several people that had been under surveillance and that he deemed suitable choices for an honorable, still attached to the good fight man like John Watson, to Kevlar protection and the equipment required to harvest the organs and take the flesh he might want and need.

The blond doctor considered the offer for a moment. He didn’t want to become one of Holmes’ well paid hitmen nor did he want another shot at black operations, but, at the same

time he knew that the other could provide him with a list of good candidates for his planned activity. And knowing the man, they would be people that had done something to deserve been wiped out of existence and their death would also serve a greater purpose.

“Doctor Watson, even if you taking care of some people would make my life easier, I would not use Sherlock’s partner like that.” Not because he hadn’t entertained the idea of offering a position to John before, right after the soldier had limped into his brother’s life and he had found all about his past before Afghanistan, but because the brunette would kill him for endangering his precious mate’s life “Unless, of course, *you* wanted to work for me. I could recommend you some jobs as a free agent.” And of course he would be able to take all the meat and organs for him and his lover. Still, Mycroft doubted that the blond would ever take him on that offer. But, he would make sure to let the doctor keep the files he would show to him today, because if he wasn’t wrong about John Watson the hunt would get on his blood as quickly as it had done with his mother when his father finally trusted her with the Holmes secret and he would need new preys “And, we pay better than any clinic” He added with a smile making sure the other knew he was just half joking.

They rode in silence for a while. When they were about to arrive to their destination Mycroft finally spoke again.

“You should let Sherlock know you’ll be coming back late, and please, don’t even think about telling him that you are at the clinic.” He knew the brunette was more than capable of going there to looking for John if he told that his brother that was being detained by common people who needed his professional services. The runt had never been one to share well with others who weren’t his family, and even then it had never been easy.

Watson nodded and took his mobile. It hadn’t occurred to him because he thought he would have time enough to go back to his lover before the other became worried.

I’ll probably be home late tonight. Have to make a house call at Whitehall. JW

It was their code when he was asked to give William some help so he knew that Sherlock wouldn’t call him until he told it was okay. The former soldier showed the text to Mycroft before sending it. The powerful man smiled. The doctor was certainly naughty when he wanted to. He had told the truth without being honest, and found the way to make sure that his brother didn’t grow suspicious.

Still, the older Holmes hoped that John could manage to keep his help well hidden since he knew how badly Sherlock wanted to see his mate hunt and to do it with him. But this time he choose to respect the blond doctor’s wishes since it was the least he could do. Also, if the man could present his hunt to the brunette it would be the perfect non-verbal way to make sure the runt knew he was truthful in his acceptance of that part of their lives.

Chapter 5

Sherlock took a last look at the sleeping form of his lover before going out. The younger Holmes had let the man know the day before which were his plans so he knew and wouldn't be too worry at not finding him on the bed where he had laid at least to make sure that Watson caught some sleep.

The Consulting Detective had gone out very early since there were some experiments he wanted to run at Bart's while it wasn't "overflowing with idiotic people who wouldn't stop thinking so aloud that they lowered the IQ of the whole building" and which could help to clear or condemn his current private client. The younger Holmes had taken the case because it had one or two points of interest even if it wasn't even a five and he had been bordering on boredom. Also, the day before, the brunette had been informed that there were a couple of corpses he could work on back at the morgue. Molly had finally overcome her crush and had become a nice working associate for him. Some days she was even interesting.

The last few months John and him had been slowly rebuilding and strengthening their relationship, and were closer to being okay but there were still several issues they had to deal with. One of them was the fact that his partner seemed unable to sleep normally if he wasn't close, so Sherlock had had to alter a bit of his habits to accommodate the man. It wasn't too terrible just troublesome when he was high on the rush that only a seven or eight could bring and simply couldn't close his eyes, even for a second. But they had found some middle ground, and he would simply lie at Watson's side thinking while the blond slept. At the same time, his laboratory had been moved to John's old bedroom, since the man had claimed the kitchen for his own now that he tried to make food similar to Hannibal's, which actually wasn't a bad thing at all, except for the fact that they were lacking the right kind of ingredients and he couldn't very well let him know that. Not while he couldn't be sure that it wouldn't be the fatal blow to their couple. Still, he could see how badly John was taking to him going back to barely eating even if he praised the well done meals.

To prove his client guilty took him three minutes; explain matters to the Yard two and a half hours. *Sometimes I wonder why I bother*, the younger Holmes thought upset. Even if he had asked for Lestrade and his brother-in-law had been more than willing to believe him, he absolutely refused to arrest anyone until the whole thing had been made perfectly clear to him. *One would have hoped that Greg brightened up now he was dating Mycroft, but some things simply didn't change*, he considered a bit annoyed.

Sherlock found himself seriously missing John at his side, since he at least valued his intelligence, but the blond was most probably at the clinic, and he didn't think Watson would appreciated if he called him to the Yard to hear his deductions. Not when the case was closed and he was, presumably busy with a lot of patients whose worst situation was a persistent

cough. He truly couldn't understand why the former soldier insisted on working at such a boring place when they had all the money they could need…

And then it occurred to him: *he had never told John that all his accounts were on both their names since before the fall*. Sherlock had made sure that Mycroft made the changes when he had begun making the preparations for the jump that would guarantee him the freedom to destroy Moriarty's web so the green eyed would never want for anything. It was obvious that the idiot of his brother had never told John and his partner didn't have a way to know.

He stood up suddenly, making Greg look at him startled.

"You can work out the rest by yourself since I know you aren't a complete idiot, now I have important things to take care of" The brunette said before going out in a hurry. The yarder wouldn't be offended by it, since he was more than used to his usual sprung-into-action exits.

He flagged a cab and had just gotten on the car when the green eyed message telling him that he wouldn't be home early came through. He looked at the text disappointedly but then he decided that he could as well pay his brother a visit, and with a mischievous smirk he told the cabbie to get him to Whitehall.

*****

Mycroft's secretary barely looked at him while he got inside his brother's office unannounced. He was surprised to find John there calmly studying a file, at his side black clothes and a bullet proof vest and not far from *his* old hunting equipment! He hadn't use it in a while but he would recognize it everywhere.

The red headed one had noticed him immediately, but kept silent, studying him.

His brain considered several possibilities and finally come to the realization that John *knew*.

"*You told him and were letting him go on a hunt without me?!*" Sherlock asked violently making the former soldier turn around at once and ask what the hell was he doing there, but the brunette ignored the question. Instead he walked over to his brother and took him by the soles of his jacket forcing him to stand up, his grey eyes shining in anger "*You know how long I've been waiting for us to do it and you were to keep it away from me?!!!*"

The blond moved to his partner and put a hand on his forearm.

"Sherlock, let Mycroft go, I asked him not to tell you" He said calmly, trying to reach to the other "I wanted to give you a surprise… and he wasn't the one who told me."

The younger Holmes turned his face to study his mate and very, very slowly he released his captive. He had always known that his lover would understand his preference. But in all the ways that he had imagined the outcome of him knowing, easy acceptance hadn't been one. Sherlock had expected, and been prepared to find a little resistance, maybe hearing "a lot not good, Sherlock" right after Watson found out, for him to pass out and assume it had been a bad dream or hallucination. The detective had even seen himself having to track down and bring back his mate tied up and gagged into Holmes Manor until he promised never trying to leave him again. That had eventually become a dark fantasy of his, since he was pretty sure that the blond would look amazing trapped by soft leather, metal buckled handcuffs.

It was obvious that the man had only known for a few hours, since John was too candid to keep it hidden from him and the grey eyed would have known the moment he went through the threshold of their flat. Also, if his middle brother hadn't been the one to tell, it meant that Hannibal was the one who had revealed the final ingredient for a perfect meal. His partner had risked his life once more, in a definitive way, so he would eat? It made him feel special and loved. Sherlock smiled brightly and put one hand around John's waist pulling him to his body. He gave the man a soul scorching kiss.

"You are not going to hunt alone, John" The younger Holmes declared in a final tone once they broke the lip-lock. They would have to talk later, he needed to make sure that Watson was really dealing with the news and not only running on the adrenaline rush. But for now he was more than content with helping his mate and brother to plan for one of his favorite activities in the world. One he hadn't indulged in a long, long time.

Close to them, Mycroft watched at the couple with envy in his eyes. He wished that Gregory would prove to be so understanding and supportive, but he couldn't even get the man to stay at his house for more than a couple of days. So, they still had a long way to go before he could even think of trusting the man to such an extent.

He knew that Lestrade was slowly falling in love with him, but the man had been so badly hurt before and now was overly cautious. The Detective Inspector had even confessed a couple of months ago that somehow their difference in status and social position made him a bit over conscious. What he didn't tell but the other could as easily see, was that sometimes he feared that Mycroft was just playing around, dating the plebeian before leaving him to marry another prince.

Chapter 6

Hannibal returned to the kitchen to find his beautiful mate finishing to clean up the plates, lost in thought. He moved quietly to give the brunette a kiss on the top of his head and bring him back to reality. He never regretted taking the decision of bringing him to England. Slowly, William had been healing and becoming more mentally stable and healthy. His new job helped as well as since he learnt that his gift could be used to help people in a way that didn't force him to deal with monsters every time.

Their relationship had been flourishing, too. Both had spoken long and hard about their kinks. Lecter had asked his lover about his boundaries, making sure that the man knew that he would respect them. They had come up with several safe words that would use if need arose; since he knew that Graham needed the comfort they provided not that he would give the man a reason to use them. Soon after settling down in the London house that Mycroft had given them, they began explore the younger's leash fantasies and Hannibal was already planning the collar he would give the green eyed when he was ready to use it. William would make a beautiful puppy... and a deadly wolf. The blond couldn't wait to see the brunette in all his glory: eyes shining with blood lust while silently asking his mate if he could proceed, his sleek body covered in hunting clothes and then, once it was over, slowly undressed by his alpha, the fast, strong mating that would come right after they had taken down their prey…

The psychiatrist quickly arranged himself not to show his arousal to the blond who had still the back turned to him since he knew it wasn't the time or the place… but tonight all bets were be off. He would hand feed his pretty puppy, something they didn't do very often, before taking him upstairs where he would present William with the little tail he had purchased a couple of days before. He would let the brunette take it in his hands and feel it, from the dildo in one end to the soft point at the other, making sure Graham knew it was his decision if he wanted to try it or not. It was their routine when he introduced some toy on their bedroom.

"What's wrong with John?" Will asked worriedly, turning around once he realized he wasn't alone anymore. He knew that it wasn't usual for the blond doctor to show in their footsteps without calling first, much less as early as he had seemed to have come.

"He was worried about Sherlock not eating again" Hannibal explained, his voice sounded almost perfectly calm, but he knew that his eyes would certainly show how much he wanted to take his mate. The profiler blushed a little, since he had learnt how to read some of his lover's gestures, but didn't make a move to initiate something since he didn't have that much time before having to go to Whitehall.

The psychiatrist knew that the former soldier had taken William and Greg into his confidence about that particular issue. He had been so far as to ask the former Special Agent if he had any idea about his lover's secret. That question would have granted anyone else a quick but painful death. Watson had been spared since it was not only a question in Sherlock's behalf but also because the man hadn't tried to talk his mate into keeping it from him.

Graham had asked that night, while he snuggled against his body if he couldn't help John. The brunette tried to reason with him that Hannibal wouldn't be losing anything by it and his brother would be well feed. Lecter had just smiled and kissed him passionately. They had soon lost themselves in pleasure and the arguing completely forgotten.

"And what did you tell him?" The brunette asked a bit worried. Things should have got really bad if he had come all the way to their house to ask directly to his lover and so early in the morning.

"I gave him the number of our organic producer" He answered simply "And I told him that if that didn't work I could certainly prepare some food for them for a while"

The brunette smiled at him brightly, never realizing he was being lied to. *Beautiful, trusting William.* They had just gotten a bit closer when Lecter's mobile began to ring. William shredded his shoulders, gave him a peck on the lips told him that he would finish getting ready to go before letting him take Mycroft's call. The profiler had a couple of classes to teach that day and he wanted to get early to make sure everything was prepared. He hadn't got used to the fact that they would.

After he had finished the short talk with his brother, and given his lover a goodbye kiss Hannibal went to the study his middle brother had built for him in the house. He began to read his notes on the patients he had for that day. Between every patient Lecter saw his mind turned to Watson. The man showed more resilience than he had given him credit for. Moreover, as things seemed to be progressing judging by the way that John had carried himself to the door and the dark light in his clear eyes he suspected that the former solider would want to make sure he hunted some meat for Sherlock as quickly as possible. The blond had good instincts and as Mycroft had confirmed he was not someone who would cower at the idea of taking a life for the right reasons. He had done it before, but now it wouldn't under pressure or in a death-or-live situation as those his younger brother usually got the man.

If what he suspected proved to be correct he knew that Sherlock would feel betrayed if he wasn't there for the first hunt of the man since he has been dying to share the thrill with him. To show off and demonstrate he was a good, worthy mate, a partner. But Hannibal wondered, what if the good doctor couldn't do it? If he told his sibling about John knowing just for him to recant at the last minute… it would upset and hurt him, maybe even worse. After all, knowing their preference wasn't the same that procuring the food. His middle brother was the

living picture of it. Maybe, he decided, he could compromise. So, once he had shown Miss Trelleris out and while he waited for Mrs. Staton he took the phone and called the runt.

“Sherlock” The man greeted him. His voice sounded strange, dark and it made Lecter smile. Such good memories it brought to him.

“How is my favorite sibling doing?” He asked with a smile while he looked at his watch, it wasn’t his style to make any patient wait.

“Hannibal… did you let John in our secret?” The question surprised the older one, and put him on alert.

“Yes” He answered simply, waiting for whatever came next.

“Then maybe you should begin to plan a weekend at the Manor… so you, me, and John can go for a hunt while Mycroft takes care of Will and Greg.”

Hannibal smiled wholeheartedly. So Sherlock had found out on his own, well that certainly made thing easier for him. Leave it to the runt to ruin everyone’s plans! Still, he couldn’t be happier at the news he was receiving. John Watson was going to become a hunter, a full member of their little pack.

“Of course, Sherlock” He agreed, his mind already making plans for them.

Chapter 7

John watched as Sherlock -who had moved a step away from him- speak to his oldest brother on the mobile. He was intrigued when he heard the man speak about spending a weekend at what he suspected was their childhood house, since Gregory had told him and William that Mycroft has once told him about the place and had called it “Holmes Manor”.

Watson got closer to his partner and whispered to his lover to tell Hannibal that they would be expecting him and his partner for dinner tomorrow night. John wanted to make sure that the man knew he was very grateful for Lecter finally trusting him with his family secret. Also, he wanted to show he had could handle it and be almost as good of a cook as the psychiatrist.

The detective watched at his lover, smiling at the jealousy that the his mate seemed unable to let go, but made sure to pass on the invitation before hanging up.

John then turned to see Mycroft who had sat back on his seat and was studying them with a strange look on his eyes.

“Of course you and Greg are also invited, Mycroft.” He told the man with a smile.

“Thank you Doctor Watson, I’ll make sure to tell Gregory.” The older Holmes told to the former soldier making a courteous gesture with his head.

John decided that he would have to talk with Lestrade about what was going on between him and the younger one to put such sad eyes on the powerful man. Even if the British Government usually concealed his emotions perfectly, sometimes, when he was around his family he let go of that tight control enough for Watson to notice the little things. But, right then and there, they had to finish their preparations for the hunting.

Sherlock, Mycroft and John went over the choice the blond had made after studying almost seventy potential preys. The Consulting Detective gave a worried and threatening look to his brother when he noticed the files the man had provided to his lover. They would speak about trying to use his blogger at a later time. Once he had made sure that the ginger haired knew of his disapproval, the youngest Holmes focused on the file selected: a former military intelligence officer who was dishonorably discharged and went from bad to worse: trading national security secrets, blackmail, a couple of never quite cleared deaths where he had been the main suspects and abuse. It was obvious for the grey eyed one that the doctor hadn’t made the choice lightly, but he realized it wasn’t the time nor the place to ask about it.

They studied the blueprints of the house and the timetables of the prey’s routine, all of which had been compiled by the Service months ago. The man had been kept under surveillance until an hour ago, when John made up his mind and it had been revoked. It wouldn’t be as

thrilling if the prey was on a pen and didn't have the chance to escape providing a better experience for the hunter, the brunette knew. After all the Holmes were taught that they had to play fair.

Sherlock pointed out that even if they took him down at the house it would be best if they moved the body to a secure place to work on it, because even though Watson was a trained doctor it would still took him some time to harvest all that they needed. And it would certainly diminish the chances of being found and/or leaving behind compromising evidence. One thing was giving the prey a chance other was taking one with their safety. Still, he emphasized, if John wanted to do everything in the same place Mycroft could make sure that the cleaning crew leave the place spotless.

The blond considered his options for a moment, and then decided that he preferred to work on a clean surface if they were going to be consuming his kill, so John asked Sherlock where should they head to with their prey. *Nice, now I'm thinking like that too*, he thought with dry humor.

"I have a nice house not too far from Baker Street that you can use" Mycroft informed them with an even tone. He had bought it several years ago, just in case that his brother would ever need it. Even if the younger had made sure that Watson got used to body parts in their kitchen, maybe unconsciously testing his potential as a mate, they had been mostly non edible ones.

Sherlock and John looked at the other man surprised. Eventually, the former soldier shook his head with laugh in his eyes. Definitively, Holmes never did things half way.

Chapter 8

Hannibal couldn't help but smile at the thought of John and Sherlock first hunt together and the invitation he had just received. He would certainly make sure to go with his lover to the first meal the doctor would prepare for them. Even if he was sure that the former soldier didn't know, inviting the family to partake on the meat he had procured was a gesture of allegiance and also a show of affection and he had heard the blond being the one who offered. It was obvious that Doctor Watson belonged to their pack. Hannibal was almost envious of the runt, being the first to secure a mate who was also a hunter and being able to share their secret, to hunt with him. It would be a long time before he could trust his mate with their preference... but they would get there, eventually. Lecter was sure of that. But he needed to carefully guide William to accept the whole of his nature: his submissive side with his most dangerous, aggressive one. Fifteen minutes later, he was forced to push all those thoughts from his mind, when another patient arrived.

At seven p.m. Doctor Lecter walked Mr Levetham to the door. Since Hannibal came back there had been a long list of people asking for a consult with him being as he was a renowned professional.

Now that his working hours where finished he could dedicate some time to prepare dinner. He had plans for tonight and wanted to celebrate; it wasn't every day that your little brother got to his first hunt with his mate. He almost envied his middle brother who got to be a witness of the blond's becoming. But, as things were, there was no chance for him to be there with Sherlock.

*****

William got home some hours later. It had been a tiring day but he felt satisfied. His classes had gone smoothly and he could tell that there were one or two recruits that showed real promise. Graham would keep an eye on them to help if was possible. Also, he had heard some news he wanted to talk with Hannibal about. Once the brunette had taken off his jacket and let it on the rack -since his lover was pretty insistent about keeping order in the house and he had gotten pretty used to that routine- Will walked over to the kitchen, where he was pretty sure to find his lover.

"Hello, Hannibal!" He greeted with a smile giving the man a soft kiss on the lips.

Sometimes he couldn't quite believe that he was living with Lecter, that he would come home and find him cooking for them, or reading a book quietly waiting for him. It amazed the clear

eyed one that they could share their days and nights.

“Hello, William” The man answered softly “How was today?”

“Interesting…” Will said at least, not quite finding a better adjective, the frown in his face revealing his confusion but also his worry.

“How so?” The psychiatrist asked turning to look at his chosen one.

“Well…” The brunette began while taking the food for his dogs from the cupboard space that Hannibal had designated for his pets’ things. On ocassion, doing little normal things helped him deal with the stress, and also to focus when his mind began to wander through dark corridors, his partner had taught him that trick some time ago “*I heard that John was at Whitehall with Mycroft… and that Sherlock met them a while later*. They were still there by the time I left. *Is something wrong, Hannibal*?” He asked at last with worry on his beautiful, clear orbs. If there was, he wanted to help. The Holmes brothers, Greg and John had become his family and he was ready to fight for them.

Hannibal studied his mate for a moment. It was obvious that he was concerned and Lecter felt incredibly satisfied by it. Still, it wasn’t the right time to tell the man what was happening.

“Mycroft needed their help with some conundrum. You know that my brother rather not to move beyond the few steps from the door to his favorite seat at Diogenes” Hannibal answered with a soft smile and a quiet tone, projecting a strong calm and serenity that would wash over his chosen one.

“I could help them, you know” Will told the blond with a sad smile. As much as he loved his teaching position some days he missed the rush of adrenaline that the field investigation brought. He hadn’t told his lover because he didn’t know if the man could understand, especially since they had moved out of the States to keep him away from chasing monsters.

Lecter’s eyes shone at the words. His perfect mate couldn’t know what those words made to him. The picture of William hunting with Sherlock, John and himself was certainly an alluring one. Still, Graham wasn’t ready for that. And yet, those words made obvious that the profiler wanted a bit of action in his life, which was perfectly alright with him. It was better if he kept in shape and honed his hunting abilities in a secure way.

“Do you want to?” Hannibal asked in a deceptively soft manner.

William nodded silently while he walked to the backyard. He knew that his poor boys needed their dinner and a bit of play time. Even if he knew that the blond had grown slowly fonder of his strays -he had even surprised the psychiatrist caressing them while he fed some meat to the dogs- he preferred to be the one to take care of them.

Hannibal watched his lover caressing his pets and smiled once more. Tonight it would be his turn to play with the most beautiful of them. He went back to the kitchen and turned the fire lower. Will deserved some time with the strays.

Eventually the brunette returned and he kissed his lover on the mouth passionately.

“Go wash your hands and I’ll feed you, puppy” Lecter whispered against the other’s lips.

William’s eyes shone, darkened with desire. Those words never failed to arouse him. He hurried to comply, licking his lips hungrily, knowing that night they would play one of his favorite’s games since the older man had indulged him on his leash fantasies.

The brunette opened his mouth slowly, letting the blond give him little cuts of meat perfectly seasoned. Hannibal would make sure they eat before moving forward since food was always first with him and it came before playing.Will tried to coax his partner into moving things along by licking his fingers every time they brought a bite to his mouth and telling him how much he desired to be taken right then and there over their table. At one moment his lover had given him a soft smack on one of his paws.

“Bad puppies get punished” Lecter said as a warning. William knew he wouldn’t get another one, and that night he really didn’t want to get spanked or even worst sent to bed without dessert and left for a couple of minutes all alone, waiting and fearing that Hannibal wouldn’t go to bed with him, so he decided to be good.

Eventually, they finished dinner and the blond told the younger one that was time for a shower.

“I have a nice treat for you if you behave” The man promised him with a dark tone and made William harder if that was possible.

Hannibal cleaned himself and his mate with sure and efficient hands. Once they were dried up, the couple moved to the bedroom, when he took his puppy’s favorite red leash. The clear eyed one went on his knees and offered his neck submissively. He loved that perfect moment when Graham showed his submissive nature so unashamedly.

Lecter licked his lips slowly, and moved over, closing the buckle around his mate’s neck with a short snap.

“Now, my puppy, on the bed” He ordered.

William jumped on the mattress, as any playful pup would. And stood there, almost bouncing with excitement.

“You promised a treat!” The younger one pressed.

The blond took the toy from the drawer where he had secreted it.

“Here it is.” Hannibal told, giving it to Graham.

At first Will seemed confused by what it was. Finally, the light went on in his mind and he realized what his lover was offering him. It was always like that. The older one would choose something he wanted for them to try and let him be the one who decide if he was ready for it. Some things he still refused to even try, but this… this was just perfect. He smiled wholeheartedly and nodded.

Hannibal pulled the leash to his body making the puppy move to him and they kissed once more. He sat down on the bed and asked William to straddle him, since that way it would be easier to insert the tail and then… he would take the brunette for a little walk.

It took several minutes to prepare Graham for taking the toy. He kissed the perked nipples and bit the beautiful neck of his chosen one while his fingers helped the secret entrance to open for the tail. The green eyed kept crying softly and licking his neck, while his hands roamed all over Hannibal's chest.

Finally, the toy went in and Will almost came, if it wasn't for him closing his hands around the strong hard on and effectively preventing his mate from reaching his orgasm. He moved the toy teasingly in and out for a little while, until he let it rest inside the pliant body close enough to the sensitive prostate so each step he took would send the blunt tip of the dildo right against it.

"Now, my pretty puppy, let's take you for a little exercise" He commanded.

William thought to disobey for a second, but there was something in Lecter's eyes that made him move despite his willful predisposition.

It was heaven… and it was hell. The tail would make him feel incredibly hot and knowing that he couldn't come until his owner let him was torture.

"Hannibal" He whispered when it became too much and he knew that just one more step would be his undoing.

The blond took him on his arms then and moved him to the mattress, depositing him over it carefully.

"Touch yourself for me puppy…" he instructed while his hand began to play once more with the tail, fucking his mate with it. It took the brunette less than a minute to come.

Once he had done it, the blond took the toy out and claimed his lover's once more. Will howled at being taken so abruptly but he enjoyed feeling Hannibal inside of his body, moving in and out and making him feel owned.

The blond came a little while after, and they kissed passionately.

"I really, really, liked my treat… can I have it again sometime?" William asked almost purring while his eyes closed from exhaustion. He always needed a little nap after an intense play.

“Of course, puppy, it’s yours now” Hannibal promised giving him a kiss on the forehead and taking his spoiled mate on his arms.

Later, when Graham felt strong enough, he would take the leash off his lover and made sure they cleaned themselves up again. For now, he was more than content to let them bask in their afterglow.

Chapter 9

John changed his clothes an hour before they left Whitehall. Sherlock had done it right before him. They had decided to begin the actual hunt by noon, so they could position themselves near the house of the prey and wait for him to come back. This time the couple would go with a simple scheme, deciding not to use any trap. Just wait and take down the prize. Of course since they didn't want to risk spilling blood, the blond doctor decided he would strangle the man with a fine, particularly resistant wire that had found inside Sherlock's old hunting equipment, as the detective had let him to know with a proud smile. His partner had seemed to love variety, since Warston had found knives, syringes, some rare poisons –which he wasn't sure they could still be effective taking into account that the brunette seemed to have refrain from taking lives in a long time-, the wire and a couple of things he would later had to ask what they were, since they weren't like anything John had seen before. And he had seen and tested several weapons that would never go into the open market.

Watching John change into hunt clothing had made the Consulting Detective lick his lips hungrily, but watching him manipulate the chosen weapon aroused him to no end... Sherlock walked to where the man was and pulled him to his body to give the former soldier yet another deep kiss, conveying his desire John. The doctor put a hand on his nape, exerting a soft pressure to bring them even closer. He had never thought the blond so sexy and never had desired him more than at that moment, when the older one was getting ready to join him in his family secret activity. Maybe for the first time he understood why his dad couldn't keep his hands out of his mother's body whenever she changed into those special clothes that would protect them from prying eyes.

The couple was about to move forward with their mating desires when the sound of coughing brought them back to reality.

For a man who considered his body "transport" Sherlock was certainly a very sexual being , Watson thought for the umpteenth time. But they would have to deal with their arousal later, when his brother-in-law wasn't glaring at them for acting like rutting animals.

Mycroft went in the black, unmarked car with the other two men, wanting to keep a close eye in case things went south, particularly since it was John's first hunt. He almost felt sorry for Hannibal losing the show, but he knew that the blond would soon be arranging for a big hunt back at Holmes Manor so he felt a little better. Moreover, the British Government thought, it was important that this one was only between the couple, and knowing the psychiatrist he would simply hate having to observe without being able to participate.

While the watched John and Sherlock take their positions his mobile rang. He look at the device with critical eye; he had a text message. Only three people in the world completely

disregarded his preference for being called, and two of them were presently stalking a big enough prey no to lose time on texting him. With an indulging smile he opened the message.

Dinner together? GL

He would love to, but he wasn't sure how long it would take to his little brother and his mate finish their task, so this time he would have to decline no matter how much it bothered him.

Sadly I've work tonight. MH

A couple of minutes later a reply came through.

I could bring food to you, you know? GL

Gregory certainly knew how to make things difficult for him! Mycroft thought. Those words were so tempting… and it made him feel so heated inside. Still, he had to get a hold of himself and consider his options very carefully. Since he had told his lover about his actual position in the government he had given the man access to Whitehall, so Lestrade could actually do as he promised. Also, he knew that neither the runt nor the doctor would go back to that building after the kill was done so there was no risk of the Detective Inspector finding out their well kept secret. On the other hand, he kept sensitive information back at the office and didn't like the idea of giving anyone the chance to get or read it. No matter how much he trusted the silver fox, there were things meant for his eyes only and he took that very seriously.

I'm not in Whitehall. MH

He confessed at least, knowing it would probably be the last of their exchange, since he had already told the man he was working, and usually Gregory left him alone after a couple of short answers. Even if he had told the man that it wasn't his style to write long text messages and that it made him happy to be able to know about his lover.

Diogenes? GL

The incoming message surprised him to no end. It was obvious that his mate wanted to see him, and the thought made him happy. He had been having some doubts about them lately, but now he felt comforted. It was strange how the Detective Inspector made him feel good without even trying.

He certainly could deal with the man waiting for him at his club, and there was the fact Lestrade certainly seemed to enjoy the peace that place provided so he made up his mind

Not yet. Would you wait for me? MH

The reply came not to seconds later.

Of course, then back to yours? GL

It was strange how his lover would absolutely refuse to move with him but was always willing to spend the night, or several ones in a row, at his house. He had even agreed to have a key after Mycroft explained that he wouldn't be home for some hours yet but he would love to find Gregory waiting for him, and never gave it back. It had been the day before his birthday, and his family had managed to surprise him with a happy dinner the day after thanks to the silver haired letting them in.

Maybe he could force his hand a little.

Why don't you go directly to my house? MH

This time the answer took almost three minutes. Maybe he shouldn't have been so daring. But he wanted to have his mate with him! If the man got used to going directly to his place he could manage to get him moved out without the man even realizing it.

Okay. Fair warning, I'm taking over your kitchen. GL

One of the things that he absolutely loved of Lestrade was that he enjoyed cooking. It helped the man to relax and when he used the meat that was on his refrigerator every meal was superb. That hadn't escaped the yarder notice and he had asked a couple of times where did he made his shopping. He had told the man about the exclusive farm that catered for his family and promise to make sure he was delivered some of their cuts at his house. His mate could use some real food.

It's yours. MH

Chapter 10

Sherlock and John moved like snakes, silently and with deadly intent. They perched on their pre arranged stations and waited for their prey to get inside his house. There was a silent alarm that the brunette had managed to hack several hours before, making sure it would seem activated when it was actually disconnected. No one would notice the glitch, at least for a couple of months and only if someone reported the man missing which was unlikely.

Once the former intelligence officer had finished his daily routine and went to bed it was the time for them to move in for the kill.

The younger Holmes picked the lock in a matter of seconds and they were ready to go. Once inside the place John went directly to the target, climbing on the bed and strangling the prey. He had done it before and knew exactly where to put his feet not to lose his balance and used the whole of his strength to chocke the man. He was glad for the extra resistant and cushioned gloves that Mycroft had provided for him, since he knew how much it could hurt the hands this particular instrument and way of taking care of someone. There was barely a moment of resistance but their prey never stood a chance against the predator ending his life.

Once it was all over the blond took the body over his sane shoulder but it was promptly taken away by the brunette. They would certainly move at a better speed if the taller man was the one carrying the kill, also was the fact that he managed to keep the man standing up thus creating the illusion that he was getting out of the house with them. Meanwhile Watson took of his sky mask, put on a cap that helped to conceal his face and a jacket. He took the hunting bag on a hand, moving forward and in front of Sherlock. There was another car waiting for them at the back door, a cab. John got besides the steering wheel and made sure to turn off the “free” light knowing that no one would pay attention to a driver. He had learnt that lesson back at the Study in Pink. The grey eyed took care of the former intelligence officer, making sure it stood sitting up at his side. If anyone caught sight of the movement they would simply assume that the man was getting out for a quick trip or something of the kind. He had done it before after all, always accompanied by a barely legal boy or girl.

Once they were in route, Sherlock send a text to his brothers, letting them know that everything had gone smoothly, and remembering the older men of their dinner invitation, mates included.

The couple drove silently to the place Mycroft had turned over them. *A sort of wedding gift*, he had said in a tone that was only half jest.

The younger Holmes had never desired his mate as much as he did then. The cold calm precision he had showed was incredibly arousing. It made him to wish once more he could have watched when John made that shot that saved his life back when they had just met.

The brunette wanted nothing more than to make the doctor pool over and take him, then and there, even if there was a body cooling at their side. But he knew that Watson wouldn't allow it, so he would have to wait and once more dominate his body, focusing on the task that they still had to accomplish. It was a good thing he had spent so many years training his will not to bow to his baser desires.

Being inside the room that Mycroft had especially conditioned for the purpose they were using it presently made Sherlock think of the cellar back at Holmes Manor. He really had missed it during most of all the years since Hannibal left for the States, and the chance it provided to work on a freshly procured body not having to explain himself as well as having someone at his side who understood his nature and encouraged him to be better instead of cowering in horror or badly disguised disgust.

But somehow, he decided, this place was even better that the one of his childhood because he now had his mate with him and he could share the experience with him.

Watching John perform so diligently on the operating table, taking the meat and harvesting the organs they would eat later made the brunette lick his lips hungrily, for both, the surgeon and the food.

Once he could tell that the man was finishing his task he asked Watson to let him work on the prey before they destroyed it, since he wanted to collect some of parts for his experiments. The blond smiled darkly.

"You'll never change, Sherlock" He said in a soft tone, giving his lover a kiss on the lips "Go ahead, enjoy yourself" John told him moving aside to let the brunette take his spot.

With practiced ease the former soldier took his robe and gloves off, throwing them on the closer by bin that they would trash into the fire later, and walked to the big cooler that was on a side. He opened the lid to make sure every piece he had taken was perfectly well stocked and ready to be taken home when his lover finished playing with the remains of their kill.

Once the younger Holmes was satisfied they put the human rests and every other disposable thing they had used on a burner especially prepared to make short work of them.

*****

The couple walked back home slowly. The cab would be picked up by the Service from the building's garage the next day. There would be nothing to link it to a disappeared former military intelligence officer, Sherlock Holmes or John H. Watson.

Once they had finally climber the seventeen steps to 221B and where safely inside their flat the Consulting Detective pushed his partner against the door, violently taking his lips on a deep kiss. Watson tried to protest, to tell him there should take care of their food first, but it was all lost the moment the taller one began to pat his erection through his pants. This would clearly be fast and furious coupling. The blonde let go of the cooler, silently praying it wouldn't break and kept the meat cold until he could go back to take care of it.

"*You were so incredibly sexy, John…*" the brunette whispered hotly once their mouths separated. He pulled up John's turtle neck black sweater and quickly unstrapped the Kevlar that protected him while the blond made the same for him. *The former soldier had finally got on with the program*, Sherlock thought grinning before kissing the other male once more "I wanted to take you right there at Mycroft's office, against his desk or the nearest wall… and then again when you showed how good of a hunter you are back there…" He groaned against the other's lips "*all of you is mine now*!"

John moaned at the words and whimpered when the taller one put a hand under his rear and pushed him upwards until he had his legs around the other's slim waist. Watson knew that the younger one was more than able to take the whole of his weight.

With strong, quick steps Sherlock moved them to the bedroom where they fall over the mattress still entangled together. They hadn't stop kissing and touching each other, their bodies getting more and more heated up by the second.

The grey eyed one struggled to take his mate's trousers and pants off while the man bit down his neck eliciting soft moans from him. Once he got John completely naked the grey eyed one was ready to begin preparing him. He wanted to be inside of his lover, to claim him once again and make sure he would never even think of belonging to another. Not that he would stand by it.

The younger Holmes retrieved the lube from its place and began to prepare his lover with sure even if hurried fingers, while Watson helped him out of the rest of his clothes and kept exciting him with soft whimpers and well placed bites all over his torso. The green eyed one had expertly turned them around to be able to play with his nipples while he pushed two fingers inside the pliant body and moved them in an out, brushing his prostate with each stroke.

"*I want you now, Sherlock*!" John begged with a grave voice and the other smiled. The brunette watched at his lover mounting form over his and decided he liked to see the man on top of him… at least for a while.

"Then take me, my beautiful" The younger one told him taking his hand away from the man's intimate place and placing both of them at each side of Watson's waist, clearly indicating what he wanted.

John smiled darkly and taking Sherlock's hard prick with one of his hands he guided it inside of his own body.

The blond moved slowly at first, knowing that even if he had had some preparation it had been the bare minimum but none of them were able to wait any more. Soon their need overtook them and they got into a frenzied pace. Sherlock hand closed around John's hard cock and began to pump it at the same rhythm that his lover moved. He knew that they would be coming quite early this time, the hunt having become a long foreplay for both.

The couple cried at the moment of their release, their emotions running high and the whole of the day events finally crashing down on them.

Chapter 11

Chapter Notes

> This is it! The last chapter. I'm sure I'll play a little more with them since I'd like to work a little on Mycroft and Greg but it won't be soon.
>
> I'm not completely satisfied yet with 10 and 11 chapters so I'll come back to work on them later and there will be some parts redone, but there won't be any major changes -I wouldn't be posting it otherwise-.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

John opened his eyes some minutes after having come. This had been one of his most intense orgasms yet. He could feel the whole of his body still lax and his brain a little fogged. Sherlock was at his side, his pupils dilated and breathing heavily. They were still connected but it couldn't last much longer or it would become uncomfortable.

Watson gave his lover a well satisfied smile, but no words came to him. The Consulting Detective looked at the blond adoringly and hugged his smaller frame, pulling him a little closer to his pale body. They stood like that for a moment, before the brunette moved to pull out. Watson groaned for a second but otherwise kept motionless.

"Go to sleep, John" The younger Holmes told him, his voice rough.

The green eyed one was about to protest, telling him that someone had to take care of their food inside the cooler but his eyes closed on his own. He had had a most tiring day and now his body was simply shut down.

Sherlock waited until his mate was soundly asleep to move away from the bed. First of all, he went to look for a towel to clean his partner and once he accomplished that went back to the bathroom to toke a quick shower. Then it was time to go back to the living room and sort out the meat and organs. Once he went inside the kitchen he noticed something that hadn't been there before: a freezer.

The younger Holmes smiled to himself, making a mental note to send a *thank you* message to his middle brother. It took him barely a moment to put everything in place. He would finally be able to eat *real* food cooked by his mate, the idea of which made him ecstatic and he knew it would make the well mannered man equally happy.

Suddenly, Sherlock got worried about John having a morality crisis. He had told Hannibal before that he believed Watson was strong enough to be a hunter, to understand their preference, but he had been expecting for some kind of horror struck reaction first, even some kind of argument, and some type of moral recriminations. He had thought that he would have to *work* to make John understand! He was delighted at being able to have hunted with his mate, but what if it was a one-time deal? What if the other couldn't live with the fact that he was taking a life not saving it? John was a doctor, after all, and he had seen that the man usually only shot to injure not to kill if he could help it. The cabbie that first night had been most an exception than a rule.

The mobile ringing brought him out of his deep thought. He hurried to answer not wanting to risk it would woke up the blond currently resting peacefully.

"You should stop worrying about it, Sherlock. I've sent you John's classified file, it would help you understand" Mycroft's voice came from the other side of the line.

It was obvious for the younger that the politician was in a hurry and just called him to make a point that he really didn't like to text. The Consulting Detective had a pretty good idea why he wanted to keep the talk short and couldn't really blame the red headed for it, and he understood perfectly well his anxiousness so he decided not to entertain him.

"Thank you, Mycroft" He said sincerely, while opening his laptop "You should go back to Greg. We'll talk later."

The brunette knew that since his brother couldn't quite get the older man to live with him on a permanent basis he was pretty jealous of their time together even if the silver fox was just sleeping at his side. One of these days he would have a long talk with Lestrade, Sherlock decided. He could understand that the man had doubts and that he had been hurt by his cheater of an ex wife and the lover he had chosen right after it, but Mycroft wasn't that sort of person. Moreover the younger Holmes was convinced that he could make the Detective Inspector see that he wouldn't lose anything by moving to the other man's house. If anything he would be more comfortable than at his run down rented place. And Greg had already begun to spend more time at the older Holmes city house than in his own, between the times the red headed one went to fetch him at the NSY and the ones Lestrade simply went there so they could have dinner together and was convinced to stay the night… and the next ones after it, though it was always less than a week. A ridiculous time limit he had somehow talked himself into.

Once he began to read the document that his brother had sent to him all thought of the Detective Inspector fled from his mind. *John had certainly kept a couple of secrets from him!*

Now he could understand why his lover had been so willing to hunt with him. Moreover, the younger Holmes' brain suddenly caught up on all the little details he had disregarded in the past about his nice, kind doctor. It was true what he had said once and again, *he never got John Watson's depths*. The blond obviously knew how to keep quiet about things, but he should have been able to tell… if he had observed, going beyond the carefully constructed mask of the polite Englishman his lover showed to everyone.

There is always something, Sherlock thought to himself shaking his head slowly while he finished the read. A bright smile slowly began to appear on the younger Holmes' thin lips. *They would be better than okay.*

Chapter End Notes

Hope you have enjoyed the journey. I wanted to show a different side of John. Also I wondered what if he can understand Sherlock and Hannibal? What if he can surprise all of the Holmes by not being what everyone expected? So, this story was born from those questions.
As always I love to know what the readers think of my work!

Now, off to edit and make some corrections where they are needed!

End Notes

Feedback is welcomed and treasured.

DISCLAIMER: The characters belong to Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and BBC network, Thomas Harris and NBC. The story however, for right or wrong it mine.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!